the Punjab is old-fashioned., like all deep-feeling people.

Is it that some of those who have caused our own heart throbs, ghosts whose memories will never die, have lived out their little day upon its scena ? People who, whether it comes from God or devil, have that greatest of all gifts, personal attraction, which all who are treading the occult life of either white or black magic, the paths which lead to the heights of heaven, the depths of hell, have in greater or lesser degree, so that they at once arrest the attention.

The twentieth-century youth of a previous chapter told me of his master in magic, a Belgian, who " believes in the ultimate triumph of evil and therefore in doing what is wrong," that people turned to look when he passed down the street; and so it was said by some of the greatest Master of white magic of our day living in the outer world, that " he could not be an occultist, he was so charming ! " Of One so great that nothing less than His life's blood would satisfy the powers

of darkness, He who allowed them to kill Him because it was better so for the world.

Shadow Land ! Where are they now ?

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